

TURNED BACK BY TIBETANS.

SVEN HEDIN'S STORY OF HIS ATTEMPT TO REACH LHASA.

He was told that the Dalai Lama did not wish to harm him, but his head would be cut off if he tried to force his way to the Sacred City—Tibetans Load Him Down With Presents.

Explorers are finding it exceedingly difficult to reach two points on the earth's surface. One is the North Pole and the other is the holy city of Lhasa.

The Ice King guards all routes to the North Pole, and not being amenable to bribery, flattery or the various societies which often make the sternest opposition, he is declared by common consent to be an exceedingly difficult proposition. The Lamas, dignitaries and soldiers of the Dalai Lama, the political ruler of Tibet, never give the stranger an opportunity to knock at the door of Lhasa, but meet him, now with smiles and again with frowns, and are fully prepared to kick him out of the country unless he is prepared to accept of retreat without being thus forcibly entreated.

Sven Hedin, the greatest recent explorer of Central Asia, is the latest to have been turned back; and the interesting story of his advance and of his gentle, but firm, refusal is told below in his own words.

Since 1849, when the French missionaries Hue and Gabet made the first journey into China, visited Lhasa in disguise, no European has set foot within the gates of the city. A number of white explorers have used all the energy tempered with tact at their command to gain admittance, but none of them has come within view of the holy city.

Prominent among the baffled whites have been Hedin, who in his journey of 18 1/2 years was not able to get nearer than 150 miles of Lhasa, Bonvalot, the French explorer, who with Prince Henry of Orleans in his party pushed on to Lake Tengri, within fifty miles of Lhasa before he was turned back; Bowen, who was faced about by the Tibetans at the same lake; Miss Taylor, who proved that not even a white woman would be hospitably received; and Lander, who was nearly murdered by the soldiers of the Dalai Lama while he was approaching Lhasa on the south.

The only descriptions of the city that have come to us since the days of Fathers Hue and Gabet have been received from a few Indian surveys, one native of Nepal and a Kalmuk chief, all Buddhists or pretending to be Buddhists, who were admitted to Lhasa as devotees.

On his last expedition to Central Asia Dr. Sven Hedin crossed over into Tibet with the largest caravan he ever led. It comprised thirty Muzumlam, four Cosacks, one Mongolian Lama, thirty-five camels, forty-five horses and mules, seventy asses, fifty sheep and eight dogs.

He marched south for nine days without interference, reaching his final resting place in the mountains which he called Tengri-nor. He was about seventy miles from Lhasa and had traveled 150 miles south from his main camp. Here is the story of the expedition, as told by Hedin at a meeting of the Royal Geographic Society in London on Monday, Dec. 8, last.

"This far we were destined to go, but no further. For just before I got out of the mountains we were surrounded by Tibetans, who announced that we were their prisoners and that one step further would cost us our lives. We accordingly halted and awaited passively the progress of events.

"Thirty-seven sentinels were posted round our tent and we were surrounded by them. We were in the mist in every direction but more especially on the road toward Lhasa. The next day, too, we kept tolerably quiet, upon perceiving that the Tibetans had mounted men, armed with long black muskets, swords, pikes and lances, spring up like mushrooms out of the ground and go on to the tents, and then, after a while, came back again like a hurricane, flourishing their pikes over their heads. After that they pitched their tents close to ours and began to shoot.

"This they did, it would seem, to inspire us with respect. Our impression was that if they intended to take us alive in a polite manner, it was necessary to levy so many people to do it.

"They were all dressed in black and red cloaks; the officers wore red and black, while the remainder had red bands around their heads. As a rule, however, the Tibetans go bareheaded, and never have their hair shaved except on the sides.

"Meanwhile we were treated with the greatest friendliness by the first comers. An old lama assured us that we had nothing to fear, that no harm would be done, and given orders that we should be treated with the greatest consideration and that all we needed in the way of provisions should be provided for us.

"Accordingly, they brought us milk, butter and lard in their bowls, and pressed us with more milk and firewood than we could use. They were, however, not to accept any kind of payment whatsoever in return. In the course of a few days we were taken to a village of the province of Naktchu, where we arrived, and then we should know our fate.

"And in due time the said high official put in his appearance, and we were taken to a large village of white and blue tents spring up alongside the road to Lhasa. Through his interpreter, who spoke Mongolian, the Governor informed us that we were to stay in his tent, but I answered that if he wished to see me he was at liberty to pay me a visit.

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A DAY OF VERDI MUSIC.

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A Lyric Drama Turned Into a Pretty Lyric Opera—Mme. Eames as a Time-Saving—Camille Seydoux Appears as Desdemona for the First Time Here.

There was an audience of large size at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon when Verdi's "Aida" was once more performed. The seats appeared all to be occupied and there was a goodly number of "standees." The cast was not in all details the same as at previous performances of the opera. Mr. Campanari appeared as Amoruso for the first time this winter and Mr. Muhlmann replaced Mr. Jourdain as the King. The other singers were Mme. Eames as Aida, Mr. de Marchi as Radames, Mme. Homer as Amneris and Mr. de Roszke as Ramfis.

The performance was lyric rather than dramatic. Most of those engaged in it seemed to be concerned about smooth and beautiful tone production rather than the delivery of the text in a vigorous style. Personal who go to the opera to hear pretty music pretty sung were doubtless in ecstasies of delight over the entertainment, but it was not a thing of joy to those who kept in sight the purposes of the composer. It was lovely, but it was not Verdi.

If "Aida" is anything it is an intensely modern work, passionate in thought and filled with the tragic spirit in its style. To interpret it in a manner suitable to the mellifluous measure of "Faust" is to rob it of its artistic proportions to a minimum. Yet it is in some such manner that both Mme. Eames and Mr. de Marchi view the music of their roles in this opera. To Aida a suavely lyric style is suitable only in the last act. There, indeed, Mme. Eames and Mr. de Marchi sang together most beautifully. It was a real joy to hear their delivery of the final duet, "O terra, addio."

For Radames, purely lyric singing is suitable in the first scene also; but in the third act both he and Aida must pulsate with passion and set the audience vibrating in unison with them. But Mme. Eames, charmingly as she sings, never reaches the level of the music here. She sang "O patria mia" very prettily, though she modified the difficult ascending passage so as to omit its highest note. Perhaps she was not in the best of voice, for once in the ensuing duet she was noticeably choked. But it is in design that her treatment of the entire act is radically wrong. She appears to have no realization of the dramatic plan of the score, and her vocalism is a series of unconnected vocalizations.

After the first act, the tempo continued our voyage by night, I making my soundings by moonlight, with the aid of a lantern. Next morning the storm broke out afresh, and we again took refuge on a similar rocky islet.

"In the afternoon of the same day we once more moved, but only just managed to reach the western shore, where we had to battle for our very lives with a third tempest. We only just escaped being drowned, and the night was a fearful one. We were overtaken by a violent westerly storm, and it was only by the aid of our greatest exertions that we managed to reach a tiny rocky islet; and there we were kept prisoners for forty-eight hours.

"But a more disagreeable voyage it has never been my lot to participate in. When the caravan had disappeared behind the mountains which shut in the lake on the north, and we were far out on the water, we were overtaken by a violent westerly storm, and it was only by the aid of our greatest exertions that we managed to reach a tiny rocky islet; and there we were kept prisoners for forty-eight hours.

"On my return to camp I was greeted by the Tibetans with shouts of joy. During my absence they had manifested the most uneasiness, and kept incessantly asking the Cosacks where I had gone to. The latter at length told him I had rowed to the southern side of the lake, had there procured horses, and ridden to Lhasa.

"Instantly they sent out patrols of fifteen to twenty men to ride round the lake, and even on farther to the south of it. In the meantime I and Kutchuk were quietly smoking our pipes on the tiny islet in the middle of the lake.

"But now they were convinced I had not escaped them, their delight knew no bounds. They met me on horseback and conducted me in triumph to their tents, where, upon the arrival of the caravan, they had the tents pitched in the light of their oil lamps. I was entertained in the most sumptuous manner. By that time they were fully convinced that I seriously meant to leave their country.

"The explorer then led his party westward and after great hardships reached the city of Lhasa, where he was met by a number of his countrymen, and years of scientific research in Central Asia.

FAT MEN, INDEED.

The Major Tells of Friends in His Old Home Out in Arkansas.

"Speaking of fat men," said the Major, "the two fattest men I ever knew were fellow-townsmen of mine when I was living in West Slatersburg, Ark.

"They certainly were big men and they were no fun intended—the stoutest of them were fat, and the other was a fat man. They were, however, not to be deceived, and we were treated with the greatest consideration and that all we needed in the way of provisions should be provided for us.

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HUGE CROP OF TOMATOES.

Twice as Many Millions of Cases Canned This Year as Last.

Such a demand for canned tomatoes has arisen that more than double the quantity put up last year has been packed in the last few months. There have been canned for consumption between now and next summer 9,484,812 cases of tomatoes or more than two hundred million times, a case containing two dozen tin cans of tomatoes. Last year the packers only put up 4,518,221 cases.

The American Grocer, which has been collecting figures on this enormous tomato pack, attributes it in part to the fact that in the three preceding years the amount of tomatoes put up was short of the requirements. The result was that, for the first time in a quarter of a century or more, stocks were completely exhausted, leaving the market in a state of panic.

The United States so far has not been an early start this year on the pack, which went into consumption as fast as it was available.

This put a premium on canned tomatoes. Every factory has been worked to its maximum capacity and in spite of an irregular crop—New York's, owing to the wet weather being almost a total failure—the production is beyond the usual requirements, and there is a hope of saving a small supply next year in case the crop should be poor.

Maryland has canned the most tomatoes, putting up 4,314,392 cases against a million and three hundred thousand last year. Nebraska was the least productive State. It has supplied only 332 cases.

Authorities on the tomato market say that it is not likely that the purchasing power of the people, due to the general prosperity, has created an enormous demand for prepared foods, and in spite of the higher cost of tomatoes the demand will be increased. So, in spite of the increased production it is not likely that canned tomatoes will be any cheaper than usual.

THE GIRL GOT WELL, BUT THE DOGS WERE MADE III, AS SHE WAS.

From the Providence Journal.

A young girl, eleven years of age, became ill, and nervous prostration soon set in. Her illness developed so that an intermittent period she was afflicted with more or less violent tremblings and twitches, and she became almost insensible.

At last the girl became so ill that she was taken to the hospital. The doctors, after a long and fruitless search, finally discovered the cause of her illness. It was a dog, a small black and white dog, which had been with her for some time.

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Tooth Ash.

Strictly Pure No Acid.

Standard for 25 Years

New Size (25c)

HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK

UNEARING A MIGHTY KING.

AN EGYPTIAN MONARCH WHO DIED 4,300 YEARS AGO.

The Temple in His Honor Buried Beneath the Sands for Ages—The Oldest Greek Poem Has Also Been Found.

From the Chicago Daily News.

In all the history of excavation no such intensely human story has been dug out of the forgotten past as has been brought to the light of day by the recent work of the German Oriental Society of Berlin at the Pyramid of Abusir.

The report of almost a year of exploration has just been made, and is couched in scientific, matter-of-fact language. But in it is the whole drama of life—a tremendous sermon preached by fallen stones and royal corpses and the sands of the desert, with the Nile god and the goddess Isis before him, Upper and Lower Egypt were his. When he died he began to build a vast temple of the dead for him.

Four thousand five hundred years ago he lived, a powerful, far-seeing, and a hundred years later he was dead. And two centuries passed, and his temple, unfinished, disappeared below the drifting sands. He and his family, his royal favorite and his private secretary, his wife and his children, his brothers and his sisters, his friends and his enemies, all were buried in the temple. They were buried in the temple, and their tombs were piled over all. Then they, too, sank away and were forgotten. Their bones and their mummies, Greek and Egyptian, were buried in the temple, and their tombs were piled over all. Then they, too, sank away and were forgotten. Their bones and their mummies, Greek and Egyptian, were buried in the temple, and their tombs were piled over all.